

Benched Byers by **nicolewaller**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-14

Updated: 2017-10-14

Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:42:44

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 3

Words: 3,636

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

New girl at school wants to befriend Jonathan.

1. Meeting

He was sitting on the bench when you were looking for a place to sit and eat your lunch. You were kind of an introvert, so you didn't exactly feel like finding a table full of people looking to make small talk. He looked occupied, and for some reason, this felt like a safe place to sit. You decided to take a seat. When you did, he looked up but only for a millisecond; immediately getting back to eating his lunch and listening to music.

The first day you sat crisscrossed on the opposite side of the bench with your back resting against the arm. You pulled out a sandwich, two apples, and a book. As soon as your eyes hit the words on the pages in front of you, you two fell into a casual, comfortable silence. There was no hint of awkwardness. The two of you ate your lunches at ease, both reading and listening to music respectively.

Tuesday you were relieved to see that he was sitting on the same bench. Our bench you thought. This time when you sat down, he looked up smiled at you then instantly returned to his lunch and music. You liked his smile. His whole face changed when he smiled. He still looked gentle and... cute. There was a kindness in his eyes that calmed you while you ate your sandwich, two apples, and read your book.

When you exited the hallway on Wednesday, you didn't see him sitting on the bench. You were surprised to feel your heart drop. But, it immediately began to flutter when you saw him walking out the opposite corridor. You took your time walking there so that he would sit down first. You walked up before he had the chance to put in his headphones. This time when you sat down and he looked up, you were the one to smile and say, "Hey."

"Hey," he smiled back, making you feel relieved that your weak-kneed self was already sitting down. He put in his headphones as you let your eyes linger on him for a moment longer. He didn't seem like most of the guys at your school. He had certain meekness to him that you admired. One of your favorite poems in the book before you defined meekness as not weakness, but the opposite actually. It defined meekness as strength under control. When looking at the guy next to you on the bench, he looked strong but not in the typical 17-year-old boy way. He managed it well from what you could tell. Thinking this, you let your thoughts about him wander as you only

pretended to read while you ate your sandwich and two apples.

On Thursday, Mr. Meekness was not sitting on your bench. You looked around only to sadly find that he was sitting on A DIFFERENT BENCH?!? He didn't notice you walking up, so you tapped him on the shoulder. Taking off his headphones, he looked up at you, confused.

"Why are you sitting over here?" you asked.

"Huh?"

"Why aren't you sitting on our bench?" Letting your name for the bench slip, made you want to curl up and die on the inside. Thankfully, he didn't seem to notice because the confused look was still on his face, so you pointed to the bench that you've been claiming this whole week. Figuring out what you meant his face softened, and he said, "Oh, I just thought..."

You stared at him waiting for him to finish his sentence, and when he realized that you were going to wait he started over. He was quieter this time.

"I just thought that you might want to sit with your friends or something..." he looked down to his shoes as he finished saying this.

"Um, yeah; I sure do. Soooooo.. if you wouldn't mind popping a squat over there," you said gesturing to the bench with your thumb over your shoulder, "that'd be great."

His eyes met yours with hesitancy. After a moment, he must have realized that you were being sincere because a smile swept across his face. This smile, unlike Tuesday's smile, contained genuine happiness. He gathered his walkman, book bag, and lunch tray and followed you to the bench.

"My name is Jonathan, by the way."

"Oh, cool. I'm (Y/N)" you said sitting down reaching for the brown paper bag in your backpack and deciding to leave your book for now.

"(Y/N)," Jonathan repeated, "that's a pretty name."

You let out a sweet, "Thanks," while you took out your sandwich and two apples which were the same color as Mr. Meekness' face right about now.

"Can I ask you something?" Jonathan asked.

"Of course, shoot."

"Why do you always bring two apples?" he asked with a laugh at the end.

"Oh, that," you laughed feeling relieved and simultaneously disappointed that this wasn't too serious of a question. "My dad makes my little brother and I lunch every morning, childish I know."

But, he always packs us a sandwich, an apple, and a pudding.” Realizing that this was beginning to sound silly you looked over at Mr. Meekness. You found him truly listening. He was looking at you as if you were the only people in the entire courtyard. Warmth spread through you encouraging you to go on. “Anyways, my brother hates apples and loves pudding, so being the great big sister that I am...” you say sarcastically putting your hand over your heart, “I sacrifice my pudding for his happiness, and he gives me his apple in return.”

An amused look comes across Jonathan’s face as the corners of his mouth rise up. You get that warm feeling again knowing that you put it there.

“Wow, your generosity is humbling,” he says making it your turn to smile.

“I do what I can.”

“So you have a little brother?”

“Yep, just turned twelve last week.”

“Mine too,” he says excitedly.

“Oh cool, I didn’t know you had a brother. Maybe we should get them together sometime. It would be great for him to get some new friends here...” you let your voice trail off noticing Jonathan’s face becoming unreadable. He didn’t say anything, so your word vomit continued.

“I know it’s hard for him to make friends considering he’s not the most popular... he’s more of the dungeons and dragons type.”

To this, Jonathan’s mouth fell open, but the silence remained.

“...buuuutttt, if you don’t think that it’s a good idea, then we don’t have t-”

“No no no, I think it’s a good idea, a really good idea. How about Saturday?”

“Really??” you said giddily clapping your hands together.

“Yeah, it’d be good for my brother too.”

“Thank you; thank you; thank you!” you said gratefully.

“Of course, I mean, what are friends for?” he smirked with what you could have sworn was a wink.

Friday the smile you had was plastered on your face seeing Mr. Meekness sitting on the bench waiting for you to arrive.

“Hey, (Y/N)!”

"Hey, Mr.- er *cough* Jonathan. Hey.." Wow, really..., you thought to yourself, I'm an idiot.

Thankfully, Jonathan didn't seem to notice. You could feel the blushing start to go down as you took out your lunch bag.

"Oh, (Y/N), I got something for you." Jonathan said leaving you in an extreme case of curiosity while he reached for his backpack.

"OH! What is it!? Is it a Sprite?"

"No?"

"A book?"

"Nope."

"The new Clash cassette?"

This one made Jonathan stare at you, making you nervous. So after he said no once more, you gave up.

Mr. Meekness stuck his hand into his backpack and pulled out a pudding cup.

"Awe, Jonathan..." you said taking it from him and holding it as if it was your most prized possession, "... I don't know what to say... it's perfect."

Looking relieved, Jonathan said, "It's just pudding."

"No, it's not just pudding; it's thoughtful pudding." You said hugging it to you in your hands.

You two began to eat lunch in a comfortable silence until Jonathan spoke up.

"I was thinking that you could bring your brother over to our house tomorrow. Will is going to have some other friends there that he might like to meet."

"Yeah, that'll be great."

"I was also thinking..." Jonathan began more hesitantly this time, "that you could maybe stay, and we could hangout... you know... only if you want..."

I WANT!!! You thought to yourself, but to his face you said, "Yeah, that sounds perfect."

As lunch ended you walked away from Mr. Meekness saying "See you tomorrow!" not being able to remember the last time that you were this excited for the weekend.

2. His House

Summary for the Chapter:

The reader brings her brother over to the Byers' home.

You were never the type of girl to worry about what she wears. But, looking around at your entire wardrobe covering your bedroom floor, it was evident that times have changed. Why? You thought, even though you already knew the answer. Settling on your favorite pair of jeans and a Ramones T-shirt, you called down the hall for your brother. His nervousness was apparent from the look on his face while he walked to the door.

"Are you sure about this?" he questioned.

"I think that it will be good for you... us. It will be good for both of us to have friends here." As you said this, you could tell that he wasn't buying it.

"Plus," you continued, "Jonathan said that his brother likes to play dungeons and dragons with his friends." Your brother wasn't fully convinced, but it was enough to get him in the car without saying anything.

It was your turn to be the nervous one while you knocked on the front door triple checking the address written with care on a scrap piece of paper. Two preteen boys opened up the door.

Excitedly, they said, "You must be David!" in unison.

"Hey" your brother responded with a smile creeping up on his face.

"Come on! We're about to start a campaign in my room," the one that looked the most like Jonathan said while grabbing David's arm taking him towards what must be his room.

You watched them go feeling slightly awkward that now were alone. You stepped inside and closed the door behind you. You looked around the living room. It looked nice, and it felt homey. You studied a baby picture on the wall trying to figure which Byers boy it was when Jonathan entered the room.

"Hey, (Y/N). I'm glad you're here." Jonathan said as you turned to face where he was standing.

"Me too!" you mentally kicked yourself for how excited you sounded. He smiled his sweet soft smile that made you feel nervous and safe all

at the same time. Not knowing what else to say, you smiled back. It felt as if you two were sharing a moment. The moment was short-lived, as there was an eruption of laughter spewing from the other room.

"So, my mom ended up having to work today which means we're stuck here watching the boys. I, uh, I hope that's okay." He jammed his hands into his pocket. Relief flowed through you realizing that you weren't the only one that was nervous.

"Yeah, that's perfect." Perfect? You thought to yourself...ugh, does that make me sound desperate?

Thankfully, Jonathan seems unaware of your internal commentary. He pointed to your shirt.

"You like the Ramones?"

"Yeah; they're one of my favorite bands," you said thankful that you managed to settle on a successful outfit.

"I just got one of their cassettes. Do you wanna go listen to it?" he asked gesturing with his thumb over his shoulder towards the hallway.

"Sure" you smiled.

You followed him toward his room. As you passed Will's, though, you slowed to catch a glimpse of your brother. You were happy to find him smiling.

"He'll be alright you know..." Jonathan grinned.

"Busted," you whispered as you smiled back. "Thanks, I hope so."

His room was nothing like you had pictured. It was kind of dull, but it felt like a calming place to be. You watched as Jonathan rummaged through a box of cassettes.

"You can, uh, sit on the bed... if, if you want."

"Okay." You gently sat on the edge of his bed as if you were trying not to break it. You looked around as you started to hear 'I just want to have something to do' playing in the background.

"This one is my favorite," Jonathan admitted.

"Oh my gosh, mine too!"

Jonathan began to bob his head while he sat on the corner of the bed. It wasn't long until you were mouthing the words. Just as the song was finishing, you look up at Jonathan. He was staring at you. You wanted to hold his gaze, but your shyness began to take over. You turned your head and noticed a folder on his dresser. It peaked your curiosity because it seemed to have photos sticking out.

"Can I, can I look at this?" you said pointing to the folder.

“Um, I guess... it’s just some pictures; nothing to interesting.”

The folder was open and on the bed between you before he could finish his sentence. The pictures were exquisite. They were from really interesting points of view. Most were of nature, some were of Will, and some were of people who you didn’t recognize. Nonetheless, they were beautiful.

“Jonathan...” you started. “Did you take all of these?”

“Yeah.”

Flipping through all of them you said, “They’re so stunning. They belong in a frame. They belong in an art gallery.”

“Thanks.”

“They belong in a- ” you stopped talking as you looked at one of the last photos in the folder. “Wait,” you said inaudibly. “Is this...?” your voice trailed off as you held the picture in front of him.

When he looked at the picture you were holding, he blushed and rubbed the back of his neck. “Um... yeah... it is...”

You turned the picture back towards you whispering, “You took a picture of our bench!”

“Our bench,” Jonathan repeated. You looked up at him while simultaneously having your mouth hanging open and smiling. He was looking back at you with sweet eyes. You began to close your mouth, and after what felt like forever, Jonathan nervously started to close the space between you.

Just as you thought you were about to kiss, Will knocked on the door.

Jonathan quickly stood up. “Yeah?” he asked (sounding a little annoyed).

“We’re all starting to get hungry. Could you make us something, please?”

“I guess I’ll go make dinner,” he said to you. “Want to come?”

“Yes,” you said almost instantly.

He began to walk out of his room, and you followed. Even though you knew he was only going to the kitchen you felt as though you would have followed him anywhere.

3. The Rain

Summary for the Chapter:

The reader wants to watch the rain. This baffles Jonathan.

To say that Jonathan knew his way around the kitchen would be an understatement. He was making a beautiful lasagna with such automaticity that it made you think that he did this every day. You wanted to help but you kept bumping into him or getting in the way, so you decided to just sit back and watch.

"Wow..." you said as Jonathan slid the lasagna into the preheated oven. Turning towards you, wiping his hands with a rag, Jonathan questioned you.

"What?"

"I'm just impressed at how good of a cook you are."

Smirking, he pulled out the chair next to you at the table and sat down.

"Well, you haven't tasted it yet, so don't speak too soon."

Shaking your head, you rolled your eyes and smiled up at him.

He matched your smile with one of his own that had the ability to make your stomach do summersaults.

You swallowed, hard. With Mr. Meekness' gaze unwavering, you felt the need to look down fidget with the bottom hem of your t-shirt.

"Should we go tell the boys that you put the lasagna in the oven," you said with a dry mouth.

"No way; it still has 30 minutes left. And, besides, if we go in there now, we'd be recruited to be a troll or an elf or something like that," he said making you both laugh.

"Well, what do you propose we do now, while we wait for it to cook," you said nodding towards the oven.

You didn't hear Jonathan's response though. You were distracted by the gentle thud of rain hitting against the rooftop. It made you sit straight up and listen.

You loved the rain; every time it rained, your family used to always go out on the porch to watch it. Those were some of your most treasured memories. Rain has always made you happy without fail.

"(Y/N)?" Jonathan said, waving his hand in front of your face,

bringing you back to the moment.

"Can we go watch the rain?" you begged, seemingly, out of the blue.

"Can we..." Mr. Meekness' eyebrows scrunched together in confusion, "what?"

"Go outside and watch the rain."

The confused look remained on his face, forcing you to explain.

"You've never heard of people sitting on their porch to listen and watch the rain come down?"

"I can't say that I have," he said with a hint of curiosity.

"My family used to do it all the time; I think that it's fun..." you said letting your voice trail off.

"Then, let's go do it!" Jonathan said.

Your eyes got big, "Really?" you let out excitedly leaning forward.

"Yeah, come on," he said, standing up.

You followed him to the front door which he opened for you. Walking out to the steps ahead, a wide smile swept across your face. You let your eyes wander to the world around you while the rain came down onto everything. Drops of water slid off the leaves on the trees, bounced off the bikes in the driveway, and flowed their way into the grassy earth. You took in a deep breath.

"Isn't this perfect," you asked sticking your arms out in front of you to touch Mother Nature herself. Left without a response, you began to think that you didn't say anything out loud. You put your arms down and turned around.

"Jonathan?"

He met your glance with an awestruck expression.

"Can I," his voice was hoarse. He swallowed, licked his lips, and started again. "Can-, would you mind if I took a picture of you like this?"

"Umm, sure."

He rushed back into the house closing the door behind him. You turned back around sticking your arms back out. Thinking about the day's events, you realized that you were genuinely happy. You felt as if moving here will turn out much better than you expected.

Three clicks of a camera made you jump and turn to look at Mr. Meekness quickly.

He brought his camera down from his eye and said "hey" in a quiet voice.

"Hey," you smiled back and returned your attention to the front yard.

"Beautiful..."

“Yeah, isn’t it? That’s why I love to watch it so much. Something just-”

“No,” Jonathan said, cutting you off, “you, (Y/N), you are beautiful.” In that moment, your entire body felt warm. “Jonathan,” you said sweetly smiling at him. You sat down on the top step and patted the space next to you signaling him to sit. When he did, you scooted close so that you were knee to knee, thigh to thigh, and hip to hip. You linked arms and reached up grabbing his bicep with both hands. This made his whole body tense up, but you immediately felt him relax when you put your head on his shoulder.

You guys sat like that for a few moments watching the rain together, before you gathered the courage to speak up.

“Jonathan?” you said without lifting your head.

“Mmm hmm?”

“Will you promise me something?”

“Yeah,” he said resting his head onto yours.

“Will you promise that whenever you have the chance to choose where to sit, no matter if it’s on our bench at lunch, on your bed when we listen to music, or even on the steps when we watch the rain, that you’ll always choose to sit next to me?”

He exhaled the way you do when you laugh and picked his head up. You could feel that he was smiling.

“Always,” he said. “I will always want to sit next to you, (Y/N).”

You picked your head up to smile at him. He was smiling back. You were going to say something but before you could, Jonathan closed what was left of the gap between you, and his lips were on yours.

His lips were soft, and he kissed you slowly as if not wanting to break you. But, when he felt you kissing back, he deepened the kiss only to stop to come up for air. Jonathan put his forehead on yours while you both caught your breath.

It wasn’t until you heard 5 separate giggles, that you realized that you had an audience. Jonathan lifted his head from yours; asking his brother, “What are you guys doing out here?”

Will shrugged his shoulders, “David wanted us to come out and watch the rain.”

This made you and Jonathan burst into laughter that left all of the boys confused.

Once calm, you two scooted over so that the boys could find room to sit on the different steps. Everyone sat in a comfortable silence, enjoying the peace of the rain.

Looking at the smile on your brother's face amongst his friends, and feeling Mr. Meekness' arm around you made you feel so safe, happy, and content. You looked up to the rainclouds saying a silent 'thank you' for sitting on that bench that fateful Monday.

xoxo